

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBUS DEUM
OMNIA COOPERANTUR
IN BONUM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD
ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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A PAINTING CLASS AT CANTON, CHINA.

This class was until recently under the direction of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, of Montreal, who, on account of the troubles in Canton, have been obliged to retire for the time to Hong-Kong

THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll::OSSINING P.O.
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will be furnished on application.

*This paper is designed to make
known the new American Seminary
for Foreign Missions and the cause
for which it stands—the conversion
of heathen peoples to Christ.*

*It is published at Maryknoll,
Ossining P. O., New York, by
the Catholic Foreign Mission So-
ciety of America, Inc.*

* *

OUR LAND-SALE RECORDS:

Sept.-Dec., 1912.....	670,000 feet.
January, 1913.....	68,255 "
February.....	66,942 "
March.....	67,462 "
April.....	36,419 "
May.....	35,045 "
June.....	48,115 "
July.....	54,333 "
August.....	31,079 "
September.....	28,742 "
Total to Oct. 1.....	1,105,382 "
WAITING FOR YOU.....	3,344,618 "

* *

IF you happen to be a teacher of English, why not use the subject of foreign missions for an occasional 'composition'?

The editor has been in foreign mission work now for more than ten years and has often remarked that this opportunity is overlooked.

Once we heard of a young Catholic girl in Boston who surprised a public school audience with a very sympathetic paper on the mission work of the Church.

And a few months ago we chronicled the fact that the foreign mission movement found a place on the program of the graduation exercises at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.

But we doubt if, so far in the history of Catholic education in our country, this vital subject has been suggested in a dozen schools or colleges, as a theme for English composition.

If we were rich enough, we would stimulate attention by offering prizes all over the country for the best papers treating of Catholic missions.

"Catholic America should be among the first to help in the conversion of this great Chinese people. From America more than from any other country came the spirit which in the Revolution spread through the land and roused to life a new China.

"Protestant America is unquestionably a strong power in our midst. Not long ago an American, Dr. Mott, gave religious lectures in the largest cities of China, which attracted unusual attention. The Young Men's Christian Association is very active and has won great influence. The modern school system and the press are to no small extent in the hands of Protestant America. It is time to say, 'Catholic America to the front!'

—Bp. Henninghaus, O. F. M.,
South Shantung, China.

OBSERVANT Catholics remark that children are getting too much of their own way these days.

Indulgence leads to softness and luxury, with an easy and quick passage to weakness and sin. Every influence, therefore, that tends to counteract indulgence by self-denial, should be welcomed.

This is one reason why we suggest for the children under your care—and the grown-ups around you as well—the idea of using one of our mite boxes. They are silent little monitors which can stand on the mantel-piece or bureau year in and year out, but should appeal especially in Advent and Lent. Then sacrifice-offerings

will quickly fill one, if you are thoughtful.

You may find opportunities for such offerings by giving up moving-picture shows and other forms of entertainment, rides on the electric cars, candy and chewing gum (which is bought in America 'by the box').

So, dear reader, send a post-card to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y., and you will receive one of these treasure-holders.

* *

GERMANY has made remarkable progress in missionary work during the last twenty-five years. In 1888 there was only one Catholic Mission House in the whole country—that of the Benedictines at St. Odilo. Now there are several congregations devoted to the conversion of the heathen—the Society of the Divine Word (Steyl), the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales, the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart and the Marists.

This increase in zeal at home is matched by a corresponding growth in mission work on the field. There are in German colonies 11 Apostolic Vicariates and 6 Apostolic Prefectures. Missionary workers number 1,035—423 priests, 227 lay brothers and 385 nuns. About 700 schools have been established and they are attended by nearly 64,000 children. There are 185 charitable institutions. Of the 12,120,000 inhabitants of the German protectorates about 140,000 are Catholics, while 54,000 are under instruction.

Thus Germany, which a quarter of a century ago had few Catholic missionaries in foreign lands, now ranks second in the evangelization of the heathen, the first place being still held by France. Nor has this missionary enthusiasm failed to have its effect on the cause of religion in the mother-country. It has renewed the faith

in many hearts; it has enkindled a spirit of self-sacrifice; and it has given a fresh impetus to home missions and charitable works.

* *
MANY who have lately become interested in foreign missions wonder why they were never before made to realize, either through pulpit or press, the value of this work for souls.

There are good excuses for the seeming indifference of the past generation to foreign missions, and perhaps the strongest may be found in the lack of any traditional interest. Our immediate forefathers knew almost nothing of missions to the heathen, and in seminaries and novitiates little attention was paid to the call from the wilds, perhaps because the need of priests at home was so pressing.

But this much is certain. Until we succeed in interesting priests from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific slope, the cause of foreign missions cannot advance as it should in this country. It is the priest, and above all the priest of the parish, to whom our people look for leadership. To him the youth aspiring to the apostolate will go for approval, and it is in his power to dissuade or encourage,—even, unwittingly, to block, a vocation.

With grateful hearts we at Maryknoll note the daily increasing number of priests' names on our list of friends. And we feel confident that before another decade has passed, there will be few American priests to whom the idea of heathen-missions is not a familiar and an inspiring one.

The seminaries will do much to accomplish this; some of them have already obtained excellent results. The novitiates of the religious orders will also be a strong factor in the development.

We must try immediately, however, to reach the priests of to-day who are strangers to us and to our

THIS

My life
Is for God and my neighbor.
After God and my soul—the family.
My parish priest requires my support.
Our diocese has many worthy works which I will help.
Nor will I forget the splendid national activities of the American Church.
I must remember that I am Catholic—that Christ's Heart broke for all.

OR

I don't believe in foreign missions; we have enough to do in this country.
National movements don't interest me; I can get along without them.
The diocesan needs should be met by others.
My parish obligations are too many.
I need my money for my family.
I must take care of
Myself.

THAT?

DON'T BE UPSIDE DOWN.

work, and for this important purpose we ask the help of our readers.

But, we are asked, what can a *layman* do to influence a priest?

He can do more than he realizes if he has the respect of the priest, and this he is sure of if he is a consistent Catholic, interested actively in his own parish.

A faithful priest has duties and preoccupations connected with the parish life that are many and exacting,—more so than most lay people realize. His zeal, however great, is not affected equally by every worthy cause; this would be physically impossible. He be-

comes interested in some out of many good works and appears to neglect others, either for lack of time or because he does not appreciate the need and opportunity.

But the manifestation of interest on the part of a good parishioner has often turned a priest's zeal into unexplored channels with splendid results. And it has brought back to the parishioner, not only the satisfaction received from good accomplished, but the gracious word of thanks from his priestly counsellor and friend.

Perhaps *your* priest-friend and counsellor is waiting for the stimulus of your own enthusiasm to become *our* patron.

Notes and Comment.

The Cheverus Centennial School, of Malden, Mass., which, with the assistance of its pastor, is raising \$5,000 to form a bursar at Maryknoll, opened on September the 8th, with 758 pupils.

Fr. Hally has now ordered a hundred copies of *THE FIELD AFAR*, to be used in future as one of the "School-Readers."

* *

THE Sodality of St. Peter Claver, founded by Countess Ledóchowska for the aid of African missions, is doing splendid work. Its latest report shows that during the year 1912, the sum of \$68,028.81 was gathered and distributed to different missions.

The chief organ of the Sodality is the *Echo from Africa*, a monthly magazine published in nine languages.

* *

FRANCE, hitherto so generous in her support of foreign missions, is not supplying many apostles for the field in these troublous days of her history. Father Compagnon, Procurator of the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary, writes to us:

Here we have few vocations at the present time. The three years' military law will be a great obstacle in the recruiting of aspirants. Please pray for us, that God may send us subjects.

* *

WHILE at Scranton in late July, the editor was privileged to accompany Bishop Hoban to the Boys' Camp at Moosic Lake, a delightful spot more than 2,000 feet above sea-level.

Fr. O'Connor, one of the Cathedral priests, whose work for boys is widely known, was in charge. He kindly provided an opportunity, in the mess-tent after supper, for an address to the boys on our new preparatory school and its mission. May some of these young soldiers become soldiers of Christ in the field afar!

THE weekly organ of the Lyons Society for the Propagation of the Faith, *Les Missions Catholiques*, has been learning something of the Church in this country from a French Dominican Father down in Cuba.

We are somewhat surprised to find that already a great building has been started at Maryknoll, and we suggest that our French contemporary open occasionally the envelope in which we travel even to Europe.

Les Missions Catholiques prints every week first-hand news from the missions and we do not wish to have our confidence in this excellent paper disturbed.

* *

THE valuable Irish fillet lace collar donated by one of our friends in New Jersey, is at last in the hands of the fortunate winner, a young lady who lives in the home of our first *Field Afar* Circle.

This Circle, located in a thriving town of Western Massachusetts, was formed with the object of assisting, by prayer and alms, in the work of the new Seminary. It is made up of a score of men and women, banded together under the leadership of their zealous pastor.

The offerings contributed by these earnest workers have been a source of no little encouragement to us. By means of a regular monthly assessment from each of the members, together with their mite box gatherings, a share in St. Patrick's Bursar (\$100) was raised in less than six months. Since then they have added fifty dollars to the All Souls Bursar.

Continued success to Field Afar Circle Number One! Its example is worthy of imitation. We cannot promise a lace collar to every Circle, but we shall be just as grateful as if we could.

* *

WE have already referred in these columns to an interesting work for Japanese in Califor-

NEW EDITION - - LOWER PRICE

The Life of

Father Judge, S. J.

(An American Missionary in Alaska)

Through the story of travel and adventures among the miners of Alaska runs the thread of a noble apostolic life that will appeal to all who read it,—to none more certainly and with better effect than to boys.

293 Pages, 16 Illustrations, Bound in Buckram

Price, 50 Cents Postage, 12 Cents

nia, of which Fr. Breton, an alumnus of the Paris Seminary, is in charge.

Until recently Fr. Breton has confined his labors to Los Angeles, but now we learn that San Francisco has called upon his services. One of our correspondents in that city writes:

I know you will be glad to hear that a home for Japanese Catholics is to be established in San Francisco. It is something that is badly needed and our Archbishop has given it not only his sanction but his material support as well.

Not long ago a meeting was held in the home of a prominent attorney, whose wife is very eager to have something done for the spiritual needs of these people. His Grace, the Archbishop, was present and was introduced to the Japanese by Fr. Breton, who spoke in their own language. The Archbishop addressed them very kindly, promising them the home I have mentioned.

Already a house has been selected and enough money is on hand to pay the first month's rent. The next step is to furnish it. This will not be an easy task, but we hope to accomplish it. The establishment will be in charge of the Sisters—Helpers of the Holy Souls.

Fr. Breton will now divide his time between Los Angeles and San Francisco. A pass on the railroad has been secured for him, so that he may be able to come up frequently. He is quite encouraged by his success so far and by the hopeful prospects of the future.

Will you not pray for this work and ask the readers of your dear little paper to do so? We shall be helping along the same good cause to which you are devoted, for we shall be safeguarding the faith that was brought to Japan by heroic missionaries centuries ago.

The building referred to has since been dedicated. We learn that it was donated and furnished by Archbishop Riordan.

The Vénard Apostolic School.

SCRANTON, Pa., has opened wide its hospitable doors to the Vénard Apostolic School.

The Superior of the Seminary at Maryknoll, accompanied by the first student for Maryknoll's first preparatory school, left New York Wednesday, September 3rd, and arrived in Scranton that evening.

They went at once to the premises rented, and found nothing but littered floors and rooms that had not known a change of air for many months. It was growing dusk, too, and there was neither gas nor lamp. So the two travelers turned to the father of the diocese, who soon settled where they were to spend the night.

The student was somewhat disappointed because instead of sleeping on a bare floor he must needs begin his apostolic life on a comfortable mattress in an episcopal residence. But he appreciated the honor and made up for his comfort the following night, when he tried to balance himself on a collapsible army cot.

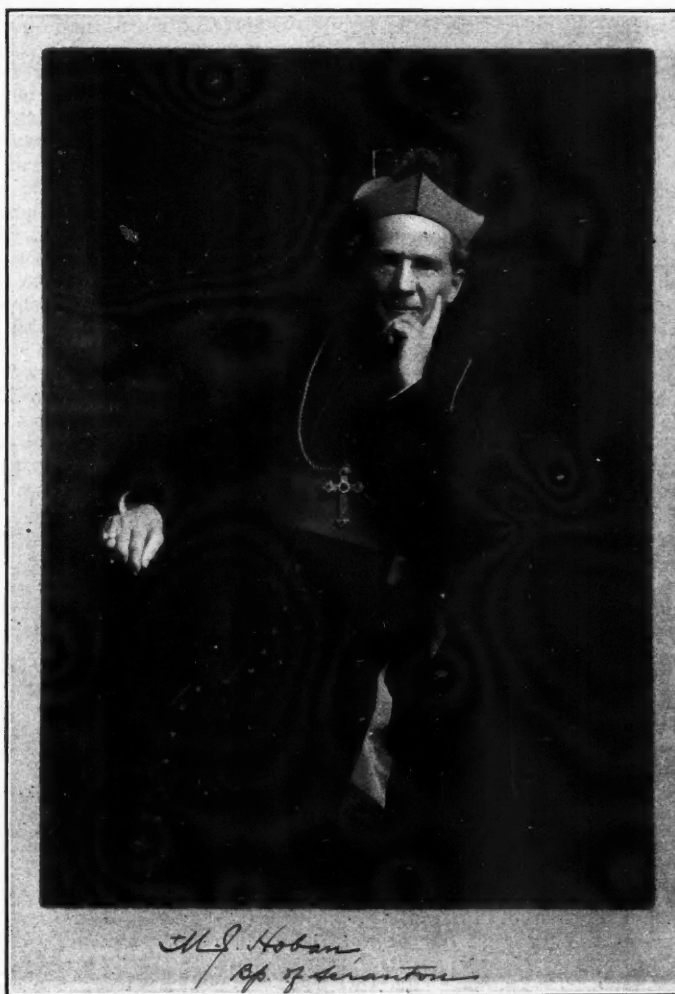
Thursday morning found two worthy women scrubbing our floors, an occupation which the Maryknoll students would have envied them, for at Maryknoll everyone—except the 'fathers'—'loves to scrub.'

The house is on Clay Avenue, on high ground, though the name does not suggest it. It is a double house, built of wood and belonging to the early period of Box architecture. It has attic steps, unsuited, however, to the Grecian bend, curtainless windows, and cellars oft visited by Spring freshets,—at present a trifle musty, but not so bad as they may be later on. We hope and believe that the roof is tight, and we hope without believing that the gas, water, plumbing and heating are not going to add any more gray hairs to our head or take out any as yet untouched by the brush of time.

Outside, the house has the appearance of having once upon a time been painted, but restoration has not been attempted. All around us, however, are evidences of prosperity and some few examples of good taste. Hence our æsthetic sense will not be jarred so much, as if we lived across the street.

With so much said—we understand that the landlady is not

likely to be one of our subscribers—we may add that if the neighbors on both sides would remove their houses a few more inches—they are now within six feet of us—we should be quite well off for light, space and view. The outlook from our chapel, in the upper story of the house, is inspiring, sweeping, as it does, a considerable length of the Blue Ridge Mountains.



Bishop Hoban, who has been instrumental in founding Maryknoll's first Apostolic School.

* THE FIELD AFAR *

Thursday evening, student number two arrived, from Buffalo via Maryknoll. By this time a few army cots had been secured, and the two pioneer students spent the night on and off them.

In the meanwhile signals of distress had been thrown out in various directions, and Friday morning a procession of butchers and bakers, grocers, expressmen, 'gas-pipers' and ice-men responded, all as anxious to serve us now as they will be to render bills later. We were glad to see them and they were pleased to meet us. Time will tell the story of our mutual continued devotion.

The first meal was—shall we say 'served'?—Friday, September 5th, at 1.30. It came an hour behind schedule time, but it was worth waiting for. A pulverized salmon caught with a can-opener, some green bullets, sliced peaches and light-complexioned coffee gave nobody an excuse to say that he was starved or suggested his posing as a martyr. The spoons, large and small, were too shy to appear, but butter-individuals were used effectively to scoop up the little green balls, and each man's trusty fork stirred his coffee, salmonizing it as it did do.

It was a fitting banquet and those who sat down to it will treasure the memory of that opening feast. There were five of us, including three students, who represented, in the order of arrival, Lawrence, Mass., Buffalo, N. Y., and Scranton, Pa. As we were at the camping stage, the newly arrived chief cook, Mother of our Teresians at Maryknoll, was allowed to join the group and compelled to partake of the food prepared under her direction.

That day we chronicled two other events,—

1. Bishop Hoban gave us a princely benefaction to express his practical interest in our new venture.

2. Our 'cook pro tem.' talked to the Directors of the Catholic Girls' Club, one of many thriving

institutions in this well-equipped diocese.

Speaking of cooks—a delicate subject with us—we had at first five lines out, all baited, and we waited breathless, with our legs dangling, for the first good bite. But by Saturday the bait was off three hooks and a cook was yet to be caught.

Nevertheless the camp was lively. Four recruits had arrived and the first formal meal was served in our refectory, the tables—six little kitchen cubs—being grouped to form a hollow square.

A pleasant surprise was furnished us that evening, when two Ladies Bountiful of Scranton came to us bearing gifts—palatable things that made some youthful eyes glisten. These friends in need were about to leave, when a second similar convoy arrived, and we were in danger of being spoiled.

God bless these Catholics of Scranton! From the Bishop down, they have extended a hospitality without stint and all are evidently glad that their diocese has been chosen for the site of the first apostolic school connected with the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America.

Do you read French? In this event, two of our books are waiting for you—unless you are already provided.

These two books are "Un Martyr de Futuna" (Pierre Chanel) and "Théophane Vénard."

They will be in your home if you send one dollar for each, with stamps (14c. for one and 10c. for the other) to cover postage, to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y.

Nor must we fail here to recall the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, who at St. Cecilia's in the city and at Mt. St. Mary's, the diocesan centre of this excellent Congregation, made us feel the warmth of a welcome as hearty as could be given.

Sunday, September 7th, was not entirely a day of rest. Midnight of Saturday found some of the little community more awake than asleep, on various kinds of improvised beds, and at 2 A. M. we received a burly sergeant of police who had been summoned for an interview with a burglar in our house.

Now any burglar who would take away the twelve kitchen



THE CATHOLIC HEART OF SCRANTON.
The Cathedral. The Bishop's Residence. St. Thomas Aquinas College. The Home of the Christian Brothers.

chairs we possessed or the tin spoons which had just been bought at the rate of ten cents a dozen, would be beneath our notice, and the sergeant agreed with us that an injustice must have been done to the burglar confraternity in Scranton. The diversion was a welcome interruption to a sleepless night, however.

At eight o'clock all were at the Cathedral for Mass, which was said by the Reverend Superior. He remained to preach at the late Mass and returned to the Cathedral in the afternoon to address a Sodality of Franciscan Tertiaries.

On Monday morning, September 8th, we had our first Mass at the Vénard Apostolic School. Two of our kitchen tables, raised on some bricks that we found in the cellar, provided an altar, and this, covered with some pure white cloth, made for the Supper of the King, a banquet table, not elegant, but clean,—a reflection of Bethlehem such as most infant Societies in the Church experience with joy and treasure in memory long afterwards.

Seven students were present at this Mass, and three faithful Maries, including one from Maryknoll, found place within the sacred enclosure.

A few hours later the students were being presented at St. Thomas College to their teachers, the Christian Brothers. That afternoon the Reverend Director of the School, who had been obliged to remain at Maryknoll, arrived and was welcomed by his new charges.

He has since reported that in spite of many difficulties all are in good spirits and that the newborn babe, though yet a wee thing, is alive and doing well.

We commend it to the prayers of our readers and to their solicitude. Later we will record its progress—and try to smother its cries.

* *

Raise Thy hand above the strange nations, that they may see Thy power.—Eccl.

Maryknoll.

MARYKNOLL has been set aside this month for the little brother in Scranton, but all is well.

Our students have resumed their classes. They enjoyed a final camping-trip, and this was followed by a week's retreat immediately preceding the opening of the Seminary term.

* *

THE gift from Lady Bountiful of \$2500 for our chapel started us moving and we've been moving ever since. Just now we are making double novenas and compacts with the Souls in Purgatory to pay for the cause of our troubles.

We have dreams sometimes, and nightmares, for it must be known that the chapel-gift, generous as it is, represents but one-fourth the cost of additions which should be made at once.

The dreams come in the form of a kind friend writing a check to our order, the nightmare in that of a brow-contracted contractor swinging his two arms violently. In one hand he holds a contract with our signature; in the other, the wrong kind of a bill.

Never mind, Mr. Contractor, we own a mine and there is gold in it. Our difficulty is to get time enough to dig, but the Lord will give us helpers.

* *

AS to needs—several readers were somewhat disturbed over our last list (announced several months ago), and others have asked if we have no further wants.

The fact of the matter is that if we printed all our needs—for the Seminary, St. Michael's, the Lodge, the barn, hen-house, sheep-fold, and FARM—we should fill up the pages of this paper and be taking money under false pretenses.

Here are a few that may favorably affect some of our readers:—

Land Ahoy!

¶ Maryknoll embraces ninety-three acres.

¶ We reckon the cost at about one cent a square foot.

¶ Already friends, by filling land-slips (each of which represents one hundred square feet), have paid for one-third of our property.

¶ There is yet a good opportunity to invest before all our land is taken. ¶ Send for a Land-Slip.

Address: C. F. M. S. OF AMERICA,
Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York.

Some house-clocks (of simplest design) that ring the hour and half-hour and keep time.

Two desks for two table-less professors who object to splinters.

Some plain, unvarnished dishes, tumblers and other breakable utensils.

A second-hand phonograph with some respectable records. As a body we have no neighbors, but as members of the body, we are not far apart.

A telescope for the study of Astronomy. Star-gazing is allowed here for scientific purposes.

A field-glass, by which we may exchange salutations with you when you are sailing up the Hudson. We shall have other uses for it, also.

Some strips of rubber—or other matting—for our work-room.

An upright piano, as a symbol of one element in the characters we would form. (A laundry would be more useful, but we are afraid to ask for it.)

A number of chapel furnishings.

A canopy for processions of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Last, but not least,
Easiest to give and hardest to get,
The Wherewithal.

A Leper for Christ.

A LETTER came to us under date of August 3rd, from a Sacred Heart nun, a French lady



FATHER EDWARD BUTARD.

whom it has been our privilege to know for several years. It read:

Allow me to recommend to your prayers and those of your co-workers, the soul of my brother, Père Edouard, of Burma, whom the good God called to Himself—probably last Friday.

In the middle of June his malady broke out again and he calmly let me know of it some days later. But I did not think it was the beginning of the end. Our dear mother, who never heard our sorrowful secret here below, doubtless obtained the shortening of his trial, and I have every confidence that the Sacred Heart of Jesus sweetened his last moments.

His crown ought to be a beautiful one, after a missionary life of twenty-two years and after the suffering of the terrible disease which he bore with such resignation since 1906.

Nevertheless, I beg you to recommend his soul to God in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The priest to whom this letter refers, Father Edward Butard, died a leper.

Twenty-two years ago Fr. Butard left the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary for Lower Burma. He took with him an apostle's soul, good health and a considerable patrimony. The last-mentioned he expended for the benefit of his mission.

After fifteen years he was allowed by his superiors to return to France. It was during this

visit that one day, while walking with his sister, he remarked the signs which he knew presaged the fatal malady.

Fr. Butard hastened back to his mission, revealing his secret only to his sister and to a brother, also a priest, in Madagascar.

That was seven years ago. Since then he has suffered much—and patiently. The disease seemed at times to have been retarded and only a few months ago Fr. Butard wrote to us of the happy privilege granted him by Our Holy Father:

I am allowed now to say Mass sitting, when my feet do not permit me to stand for a long time. When I asked Bishop Cardot to apply for me, I was afraid, knowing how great was the favor, but on the other hand I had also great hope, as our Pope is the Pope of the Holy Eucharist. Blessed be God!

Blessed be God! We repeat the words of this noble priest. Blessed be God, who reveals through the souls of self-sacrificing apostles like Father Edward Butard, the sanctity of the Church and the depths of love which her children, human though they be, are capable of sounding for God and for souls.

We hear from Fr. Allard, who wrote to us from Rangoon on July 28th, that Fr. Butard died on the 25th. We learn, too, that his death was, in the fullest sense, an heroic self-sacrifice. The letter reads:

A most edifying revelation has been made by the Bishop, who is now freed from the obligation of keeping the secret confided to him. Two years ago Fr. Butard told His Lordship that he *knew* he would never be cured and was taking medicine only by obedience. He had himself asked God with great insistence to send him a disease that would make him an object of horror and repulsion to all. He wished to suffer both in body and soul, that he might offer himself for the souls he had come to save.

Heroically he asked, heroically he accepted. He welcomed the cross, he had desired and for years bore the most terrible mental and physical torments with patience and cheerfulness.

"Putavimus eum quasi leprosum et percutsum a Deo et humiliatum. . . . Non erat ei species neque decor. . . . Sed oblatum est quia ipse voluit et non aperuit os suum. . . . Ideo dispertiam

FIFTY DOLLARS will secure a share in the Blessed Th. Vénard Burse; or a Life Associate Subscription; or a Memorial Associate Subscription.

ei plurimos et fortium dividet spolia eo quod tradidit in mortem animam suam."

"We have thought him as it were a leper and as one struck by God and afflicted. . . . There was no beauty in him, nor comeliness. . . . But he was offered because it was his own will and he opened not his mouth. . . . Therefore will I distribute to him very many, and he shall divide the spoils of the strong, because he hath delivered his soul unto death."

How like the Divine Master! The voluntary leper, the hidden martyr, has left us, but his oblation of himself will bring a rich blessing upon the soil of Burma.

May the saintly Father also watch over your dear work, which he loved so much, and may he be in Heaven your protector as well as ours!

This leper priest in his charity offered, shortly before his death, a Mass for our benefactors and for the success of our young Society.

Readers of THE FIELD AFAR, who are associates in this work, you were among these benefactors. Say a prayer, then, while the thought of his splendid sacrifice is fresh in your minds, for the soul of this leper priest.

The world knows little of Catholic heroes on the mission-fields. For non-Catholics in general and for many of our own faith, *Damien* spells the beginning and the end of recent Catholic mission effort. But those who follow more closely the trail that has been blazed by Catholic missionaries know that Fr. Damien, beautiful as was his life, was only a type of scores—yes, of hundreds—who in the past century have merited the application of Our Saviour's words: "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel, shall save it."—Mark VIII. 35.

Just Father, the world hath not known Thee; but I have known Thee and these have known that Thou hast sent me.

—John XVII. 25.

The Store Across the Way.

By Fr. John Wakefield.



HE sign *To Let* had been taken out of the little store-window across the street from St. Patrick's Church and no one was more interested in its removal than zealous Fr. Ryan, who exercised spiritual jurisdiction over the parish and, incidentally, a considerable influence over all that concerned it.

The young pastor's heart was in his work and his work was in the town. He had had a long fight to effect the closing of the pool-room formerly located opposite his church—a substantial-looking structure that was the boast of Catholics in that particular section of New Jersey. And now he wondered who was going to occupy the place.

Even as the priest asked himself this question, a man in overalls that were once white, stopped

attack on the field of glass. But just then the rectory door-bell rang and between visitors and a hurried sick-call, Fr. Ryan did not find time to return to his chair by the window until after supper.

He was glad then of the opportunity to relax a little over the evening paper and a few periodicals, but before dropping into his seat, he suddenly thought of the store across the way. He looked over, and a low exclamation escaped him. It was nothing to prick the conscience of an earnest director of the Holy Name Society but it certainly did express disapproval. The new sign read:

JOHN FONG LAUNDRY

Fr. Ryan never had liked Chinamen. To be sure, he had not had any personal experience with them, but he had heard they were a low set, especially these laundrymen. His neighbor, Fr. Franch, had been obliged to run one out of the town because of his perverting influence, and it was generally understood that they gambled and smoked opium whenever they had a chance. They surely were an undesirable lot.

The young pastor tried to console himself with the reflection that the fellow across the way was in any event under his eyes. Still it was annoying to feel that even his moments of recreation must be interrupted by a more or less constant espionage.

As he looked again, he discovered on the sign, just below the name, a small ornament which appeared exactly like the letter M surmounted by a tiny cross. He smiled at the resemblance between it and the medallion on the base of the Blessed Virgin's statue in his church.

That was Monday. On Wednesday John Fong, a tall, clean-looking Chinaman, arrived, carrying a graphophone case in his hand. A wagon-load of belongings came soon afterwards, and by Saturday morning the same John

was ready for business at the new stand.

Fr. Ryan had been watching operations whenever he could, and he became so interested that when he went into the dimly lighted church on Saturday night, he imagined for a moment that he saw the young Chinaman kneeling in one of the pews. He smiled again at the coincidence.

But the next day, when the pastor turned to the people after reading the Gospel at the last Mass, he almost forgot his announcements as he spied John Fong erect before him, guarding the end of the second pew. It was a real struggle to talk that morning, and all day long the priest was puzzling to find out why the fellow should have come into the church.

He decided to take the bull by the horns at the earliest possible moment. So before Monday morning was far advanced, he stepped across the street, opened the store-door and saluted John Fong, Laundryman.

The Chinaman actually beamed as he recognized the priest, and before the latter could utter a sentence, he found himself seated at a little table behind a partition that divided the old pool-room into two compartments. John was standing over him, pouring tea into a dainty cup that had never had a handle. A barrel half full of rice, a chest of tea, two chairs, the table with some cups and saucers—these were the visible furnishings of the room. Anything else there might be was hidden by a screen that stood in one corner. As Fr. Ryan glanced about rather anxiously, he suddenly fixed his eyes with keen interest on two objects that hung on the wall—a crucifix and a highly colored, glossy print of Our Lady and the Infant Christ.

John Fong was not less keen, and as Fr. Ryan turned inquiringly, the Chinaman made the sign of the cross and said, "*You Catholic too, yes?*" It did not take long for Fr. Ryan to assure his host on this



A CATHOLIC CHINESE IN AMERICA.

before the window, deposited paint and brush on the bricks, and standing at the curb some feet away, made ready for an "artistic"

point, whereupon John produced an album of photographs and postcards and spread it before him.

Most of the prints were of Canton and near-by villages in the province of Kwang-tung. The first page was adorned with a picture of the Bishop, John Mary Mérel, an alumnus of the Paris Seminary, and one of the Cathedral, a splendid type of Gothic architecture and quite spacious. Astonished, Fr. Ryan turned the page. There he found a view of the interior of the church, filled with devout worshippers, all Chinese, to whom a priest, evidently Chinese also, was speaking. In another place there were photographs of Mrs. Fong, and one of a little family group surrounding a table on which was standing a statue of the Blessed Virgin. These were followed by snap-shots of shrines and chapels, and of some Sisters with their orphan charges. While Fr. Ryan was buried in such revelations, John went behind the screen and returned with six books. They were all printed in Chinese characters but they bore the Latin *imprimatur* of a Catholic bishop and the advertisement of a Catholic printing press in Hong-Kong.

The priest did not say much, but smiled, wished his neighbor good luck, and withdrew with the remark that they would see each other often. And they did, with a quite unexpected result for Fr. Ryan.

John Fong was at Communion the next Sunday and people began to ask questions. Was that Chinaman baptized here or in China? How many Catholics were there in China? Were they getting more numerous? Had they any priests of their own? What missionaries were teaching them? Had we any American priests over there? Did the Chinese make good Catholics?

Good Fr. Ryan could not answer. He was, as we have already remarked, full of zeal for his own work. Shortly after en-

tering on his duties as assistant to the former pastor, an invalid, he had been appointed administrator. There was much to be done and the young priest had set himself to the task so earnestly that he rarely left the town, except once a month to visit his family in Newark, and occasionally to make some purchases in New York.

While the old pastor lived, Fr. Ryan had been careful not to offend him by radical changes, but gradually he had put new life into the people. In the matter of arousing them to any interest wider than that of the parish, however, he had, without giving it much thought, followed the example of his superior.

Word came regularly from the chancery office of collections for certain diocesan needs, for Indian and Negro Missions and the Propagation of the Faith, for the Catholic University, or the Holy Land. All these notices received respectful attention, were transcribed into the announcement book and read to the people, but there was rarely a substantial increase in the result. And after the pastor's death, though changes in

other lines were more frequent, the tradition in regard to outside collections remained. As nuns look to the stranger—all alike—so exterior needs had appeared to Fr. Ryan.

But now that John Fong had come upon the scene, a new outlook opened up before him. The foreign mission news that had escaped attention in his weekly perusal of the *Monitor* caught and held his eye. He even subscribed to a paper devoted exclusively to the foreign missions and wrote to the editor for some literature which would provide him with material for a series of mission talks to his Sodality, to the Holy Name Society and to the Sunday School.

He was no less attentive to his parish life than before but he now made time to consider many outside charities, and when the occasion offered, he pleaded earnestly for each good cause as it presented itself. And he noticed that the wider his interest in these needs became, the warmer grew his own zeal and that of his people, who in turn constantly praised his unselfish spirit.



"There were snap-shots of shrines and chapels, and of some Sisters with their orphan charges."

The priest spent many spare moments with John Fong, who, though busy from morning till late at night, always stopped work when his pastor entered the store. Through John, Fr. Ryan, now thoroughly interested, started a correspondence with a French priest in Canton who was eager to learn English, and he then began to realize the urgent need of American priests in the new Republic.

It was this train of thought that led to a holy ambition striking deep into his soul, a desire to consecrate the remainder of his priestly life to the conversion of heathen people.

He kept his purpose secret, worked harder than ever to get the parish in prime condition and in the meantime wrote to the Foreign Mission Seminary, about which he had until lately known next to nothing.

It was not long before he received assurance of his acceptance at the Seminary. He then approached his bishop, a large-minded prelate who, though conscious of the sacrifice the diocese was making, argued that it would bring its own blessing in return and cheerfully consented to Fr. Ryan's departure as soon as arrangements could be made to replace him.

A year later the former New Jersey pastor was sailing from San Francisco for China.

On his way to the mission to which he had been assigned, Fr. Ryan stopped at Canton and surprised Bishop Mérel with the story of John Fong and his own call to the East.

When the Bishop learned the facts, he sent for Fr. Ryan's 'China correspondent' and insisted that the latter should bring the American out to the little village where John Fong's wife and children resided. The visit was an interesting one for all concerned, including John's pastor in China, a French priest, whose admiration of his exiled parishioner was unbounded.

"John Fong is ambitious," the pastor said, "and is trying to earn enough in America to establish a business here. He wishes to give his two boys a thorough education and his hope is that one will become a priest and the other a prominent figure in the new Republic.

"You know," he added, "we are now the United States of Asia."

Then the good priest explained that John's dream of his boy as future president of the Republic of China did not suggest an altogether worldly ambition. "The boy," he said, "will be trained in some American Catholic College, and then, 'bym-bye,' his father writes, 'little John will be big man, big Catholic, make everyone Catholic.'"

Fr. Ryan's former flock do not forget him, nor does he on his distant mission lose interest in them. They were his first children in Christ and they are still as dear to him as when he was among them.

His successor is, fortunately for him, in perfect sympathy with the cause of foreign missions. He became interested while at a seminary where special attention had lately been given to this long-neglected, yet ideal, priestly influence.

Fr. Ryan's letters are read to the people, who, unasked, give the pastor not infrequently some gift or extra Mass-offering to forward to China.

It is largely out of these offerings that the American, for as such he is known among his confrères, has built a little chapel, called St. Patrick's and modelled in some details after a church of the same name not far from the Atlantic coast-line, in the diocese of Newark. *Maryknoll, Oct., 1913.*



A Word about Burses.

A FOREIGN MISSION BURSE—to share in such may be one of your privileges. To contribute to the formation of a priest who later will remember you at the altar, is indeed a privilege which a devout Catholic would give much to possess.

Each of our Burses, or foundations, will provide for the education, not only of one priest, but of many in successive generations.

Every Burse represents \$5,000—which will be carefully invested so as to draw a yearly interest sufficient for this splendid purpose.

* *

Associates in Perpetuity.

WE are asked not infrequently if we have connected with our work a *purgatorial society* or a *membership in perpetuity*.

We have the latter, applied to the living or the dead. The offering is *fifty dollars* and may, if preferred, be made in small amounts within a year.

The spiritual advantages to all our associates are numerous. They will be fully explained on application.

* *

HOW YOU CAN HELP.

1. *Send us names of reliable persons, grown-ups, boys or girls, who would be likely to fill at least one of our List-Books and thus secure twelve subscribers.*

2. *Ask us to forward sample copies to your friends and at the same time notify them that you have done so.*

3. *Get consecrated women in touch with this paper. Show them its value, that it is as edifying as it is instructive, both for their charges and for themselves.*

4. *Bring it to the notice of the Sodality or Society, religious, literary or beneficial, to which you belong.*

The Field.

A VALUABLE map has come to us from Fr. de Moidrey, S. J., of Shanghai. It shows the prefectures of China and their Catholic population.

RECENT disturbances in Canton forced the Canadian Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception to leave the city and take refuge in Hong-Kong. They were kindly received by the good Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, who did everything in their power to brighten their exile.

OUR observant correspondent in Hong-Kong says that there is general dissatisfaction among the Chinese people because no proper form of government has yet been framed. He adds:

The Chinese are great for talking and scheming but they don't do any practical work. Their endeavor to establish a constitution is still, after two years, without success.

The new governor of Canton is a native of that province and his appointment has been received with much joy by the merchants and gentry.

ATTELLING instance of Christian charity comes to us from Pekin, the city where so much suffering was endured by Christians in the Boxer rebellion of 1900.

During the recent revolution a pagan prince with his family sought refuge at the Catholic mission. He himself said that he little thought, in 1900, that he would ever be asking hospitality of those whom he considered his enemies.

The Bishop ordered him to be received without recompense, and to be treated with every mark of kindness. In fact, he rejoiced at the opportunity of rendering kindness to a persecutor.

The glory of the Lord shall be revealed; and all flesh shall see the Salvation of our God.

THE *China Press* is an American newspaper published in Shanghai. It began its career about two years ago in the face of overwhelming difficulties and it has still to contend against the slowness of the Chinese compositor, who, understanding little or no English, can at best set up only one column a day. But it is backed by American enterprise and has won its way to such success that it has the largest circulation of any foreign



THE CHINA PRESS, SHANGHAI.

daily in the Far East. Note the size of its building and realize how English-speaking influences are at work in the Orient.

We ask prayers for the fuller development of a missionary spirit in this country, a goodly number of vocations, and benefactors sufficient to start and to sustain our much-needed enterprise for God and souls.

Secure one friend for our work by getting a new subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR.

AN Annamite Bible, the result of three years' continuous labor on the part of the pro-vicar of Western Tong-king, is being prepared for publication. It contains the Latin text and Annamite translation, with notes, and comprises about ten volumes of six hundred to eight hundred pages each.

The Bible is to be printed at the Catholic press in Hong-Kong and one of our missionary-friends in Tong-king, Fr. Dupin, has been sent to China to take charge of the work.

NEWS from Bishop Foley, of Tuguegarao, in the Philippines, is always welcome, and our readers will find that this account of his visit to Nueva Caceres has lost nothing in the telling. It comes to us from Fr. Gercke, Vicar-General of the diocese:

The "Too-Gay" Bishop, in order to reach one of his *pueblos*, had to circumnavigate the whole island of Luzon. Thus it happened that, en route, he stopped off and made life worth living here for about ten days.

On his arrival he looked well, but a bit worried. When I inquired the reason, he said, "I always feel worried when I land in large cities like Nueva Caceres, because my 'boy,' *Vicente*, goes to pieces right off. Coming up from Legaspi, we rode in an automobile. Now, when we get back to Tuguegarao, how am I going to bring that 'boy' down to the level of a 'cowmobile'?"

After an enjoyable visit, the Bishop continued on his way, and long before you receive this, he and *Vicente* will have reached Tuguegarao and Padre Killion will be hearing from *Vicente* accounts that will rock the city to its foundations.

I would like to write you at greater length but there's never time. Bishop Foley told us of a man who pursued his studies in France and caught up in Rome. But he, of course, was a marvel, and I am not. I'm always trying to 'catch up.'

"Suffering is the money with which one buys Heaven."—Blessed Theophane Vénard.

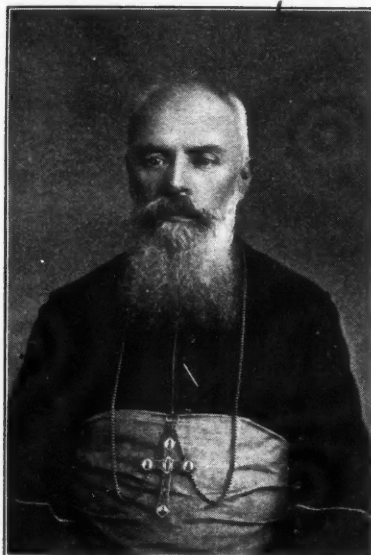
A Page on Japan.



ISHOP COMBAZ, who has succeeded the late Bishop Cousin in the diocese of Nagasaki, Japan, writes:

I have just returned from the Islands of Goto, where I remained one short month, administering Confirmation to nearly fifteen hundred people and blessing churches and cemeteries.

While there I visited the missions which are under the care of Fr. Veillon.



BISHOP COMBAZ, OF NAGASAKI.

Although they all belong to the same island, they are so far removed from one another and so cut off by mountains, that a man must have good legs and good lungs to cover the ground and look after them. I fear that the good little Father will suffer from this arduous work, but he is full of courage and spends himself for his Christians without a thought of the cost. Everywhere I found evidences of his zeal and of the piety of his converts.

I shall leave soon for Kuroshima, or the "Black Island." This settlement is almost entirely Christian; it contains some two thousand faithful. I recommend myself to your prayers, that God may give me the grace of performing my duty well.

*J. C. Combaz, Bishop of Nagasaki.

Progress in Yokohama.

IN Yokohama there is a procession of the Blessed Sacrament nearly every year. It takes place in the garden surrounding the church, but Fr. Evrard is hopeful that the time *may* come when it can be held in the streets outside. This zealous missionary finds many signs of success in present conditions. He writes:

We are rejoicing to see new apostolic workers entering the field. Now that the Fathers of the Divine Word have come to take charge of the recently formed prefecture apostolic of *Niigata*, there are in Japan laborers of many nationalities,—French, Spanish, Dutch, German, Belgian, Austrian and American. (Did the good Father put us last because we were least—in numbers? —Ed.) The Japanese may now understand that ours is truly the *Catholic* Church.

Brothers of Mary and Sisters of various Orders are working here among the children, and by their lives of unselfish devotion are winning the confidence of the parents. It is a most hopeful situation. There are trials, to be sure, but viewed from a religious standpoint, trials are the price of success, and the harder they are, the more complete will be the success.

Last February our poor Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres saw the work of thirty years' privations reduced to ashes. But they bravely undertook the task of rebuilding, and next month they will be able to open their new school, or a part of it. God is surely with them.

The Present Difficulty in Osaka.

JAPAN may some day know the Mother of the Churches, the Spouse of Christ, but we find it hard to realize this at the present time, when we read such letters as the one which follows, from the saintly Bishop of Osaka:

Your note finds me sweltering in a temperature of 96° F. Thanks for the delicious breeze it brings.

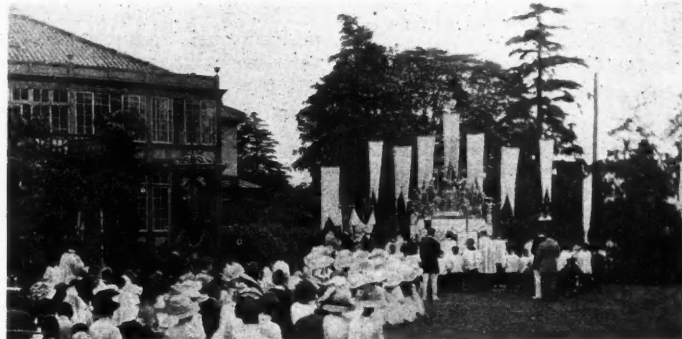
I am deeply touched by your invitation to visit Maryknoll. But my seventy-five years are accompanied by a lot of infirmities which form an insurmountable obstacle to a journey across the Pacific. I cannot even enjoy a vacation as do the tramps and vagabonds I see here. Where the goat is fastened, he must browse—and in truth my chain is unbreakable. Many of my brave Fathers are sick and I am their nurse—a poor nurse indeed, yet better than none.

The temperature here is torrid, but the tempers, the hearts of the people in regard to things spiritual, remain icy. Please give me some advice or medicine or ointment to thaw them out.

When there is the slightest movement towards Christianity among the Japanese, so intelligent and sympathetic in other matters, the missionary's life will be full of consolation. But meanwhile we must sow and plant with courage and perseverance. Our successors will reap the harvest.

* * *

If you will co-operate by adding some of your prayers to those of the C. F. M. Society and its ever-extending circle of friends, drop us a post-card and we will send you a special leaflet.



A PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT IN YOKOHAMA.
(Photo sent by Fr. Evrard.)

Friends of the Cause.

A PRIEST sends one dollar to renew his subscription to THE FIELD AFAR and four dollars—"for my genial friend 'Din'." Have you ever met 'Din'?

* *

FIFTEEN dollars has come to us for sanctuary oil, a thoughtful gift which made us feel that did some one only realize it, our wine could be paid for, too.

* *

A SUBSCRIBER who has changed her address, sends us seventeen cents in stamps, "to pay for the new stencil." This is the second case in which a thoughtful friend has shown appreciation of the fact that "moving-day" means something to us, too.

* *

A PRIESTLY benefactor in Virginia writes:

It is a shame that I never subscribed to THE FIELD AFAR. Like the rest of mankind, I forget unless I am reminded of the opportunity.

I want two copies—one for myself and the other to be sent to the address given on the slip. Bill me for both of them every year. I enclose check for this year. Please keep the change.

* *

WE find that a much appreciated charity is the payment of a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR for some missionary. We are willing to supply any missionary with our paper at our own expense, if need be, but we—and our friends on the field—are more content when some one else is the privileged benefactor.

* *

A PRIEST whose reserve has kept a light from shining unto many, and whose income is to our knowledge extremely slender, sent us recently a generous gift, with these not less generous lines:

I am too big a coward to go on the missions myself, but I want a share in the merits of those who are more generous than I. Will you accept my little help?

And now, being a Yankee, I wish to get my money's worth. So please



expend this check in the way that will bring me the most spiritual good. If you like, I should be glad to have you send me the most interesting of your literature.

You have my unworthy prayers and sincere wishes for the success of your holy and noble work.

If you send us names of friends, we will forward to them sample copies of The Field Afar, until our issue is exhausted.

A POOR priest in France has sent us fifty francs (ten dollars) to express his interest in the new American Seminary for Foreign Missions. He confidently believes that this Seminary will grow until one day it shall "cover the whole country with its delicious fruits."

This priest, who occupies the position of vicar-general in a well-known diocese, writes of present conditions in France:

We have more than thirty parishes without priests; we want students for our seminary; we are deprived of the resources we had gathered. I always find lawsuits in my way, to say nothing of many other troubles. May the Lord bless our good will!

* *

OLD and broken jewelry is lying idle in many a home. To the individual owner it is practically valueless, but when it joins a little pile gathered from several sources, the United States

Mint can turn it into real money,—and money makes even a Seminary go.

A generous supply of such jewelry came to us recently from Rochester and is included in the following list of gifts received since our September issue.

From

M. K., Rochester, N. Y.: Diamond Earrings, Diamond Pin, Rings, Watch, Locket and Chain, Coral Pin, 3 Unset Diamonds, Cut Glass Jar.

E. McM., South Boston, Mass.: Silver Forks, Spoons and Napkin Rings.
J. M., Philadelphia, Pa.: Printed Signs.

Mrs. E. D., Brighton, Mass.: Wine and Water Set, Crucifixes, Altar Missal.
V. R., Frostburg, Md.: Altar Cloth, Altar Lace.

South Norwalk, Conn.: Gold Vestments.

Rev. Friend: Relics of St. Luke and St. Paul.

* *

Burse Activity.

(A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.)

COMPLETED BURSES.

The Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000.
The Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
The Boland Memorial Burse	6,000.
The Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

Towards Providence Diocese Burse	\$3,000.00
Towards Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	2,200.00
Towards St. Joseph Burse	1,205.00
Towards St. Stephen Burse	337.00
Towards St. Lawrence Burse	150.00
Towards St. Patrick Burse	510.50
Towards St. Boniface Burse	100.00
Towards Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse	605.00
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	436.44
Towards All Souls Burse	824.41
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse	175.00
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse	105.00
Towards St. Anthony Burse	53.24
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse	487.40
Towards Holy Ghost Burse	50.00
Towards St. John the Baptist Burse	19.00
Towards All Saints Burse	35.80
Towards St. Francis of Assisi Burse	25.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

The Month's Receipts.

Less than Two Dollars.

M. T. L., Dorchester, Mass.; O. E., Glen Riddle, Pa.; B. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.; G. McC., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. B., Atlantic City, N. J.; M. E. G., W. Haven, Conn.; P. V. H., Youngstown, O.; J. H. V., Phila., Pa.; M. E. I., Chestnut Hill, Pa.; G. L. C., Central Falls, R. I.; J. C., Waterville, L. I.; Rev. Friend, Wisconsin; G. L., Pittsburg, Pa.; M. H. D., S. Boston, Mass.; M. E. D., White Mts., N. H.; Mrs. C. M., Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. C., Phila., Pa.; A. G., Sydney, N. S.; H. T. M., Phila., Pa.; M. B., Bradford, Mass.; J. N. S., Boston, Mass.; M. M. B., Hyde Park, Mass.; A. T. O., N. Tarrytown, N. Y.; J. R. B., S. Boston, Mass.; M. E. C., Dorchester, Mass.; Sr., Hoboken, N. J.; C. M. C., Fall River, Mass.; Mrs. A. F., Plainfield, N. J.; M. A. M., Port Newbury, Mass.; Mrs. A. J. McD., Chester, Pa.; Srs. N. D., Salem, Mass.; Rev. Friend, Bayou Goula, La.; W. McN., Phila., Pa.; B. A. D., Torrington, Conn.; M. G., Willimantic, Conn.; M. McC., Littleton, Pa.; Mrs. H. P. B., Hull, Mass.; M. M. H., Dorchester, Mass.; St. Patrick's Convent, New Haven, Ct.; Rev. Friend, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. L., Cambridge, Mass.; C. D., Pa.; Rev. Friend, Clarksville, Tex.; Rev. Friend, Pittsburg, Pa.; Friend, Bellwood, Pa.; R. M., Providence, R. I.; M. E. C., S. Boston, Mass.; J. C., Lawrence, Mass.; A. C., Rock Port, Me.; K. M., Torrington, Ct.; Mrs. J. S., S. Framingham, Mass.; W. T. McH., Penna.; D. McG., Boston, Mass.; A. G., Lowell, Mass.; M. M., Forest Hills, through Rt. Rev. Friend, Lowell, Mass.; M. M. B., Charlestown, Mass.; B. F., N. Y.; M. A. C., Wilkes Barre, Pa.; M. K., Boston, Mass.; J. H. P., Phila., Pa.; M. M., Phila.; Rev. Friend, Bayou Goula, La.; Rev. Friend, New Haven, Conn.; R. A. McC., Manchester, N. H.; S. L. O. R., S. Boston, Mass.; J. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. O. E., Dorchester, Mass.; M. E. K., Phila., Pa.; J. H. B., Pawtucket, R. I.; H. D. W., Centre P. O.; Mrs. M. R. T., Sea Isle, N. J.; Mrs. D. W., Valley Falls, R. I.; K. W. D., Cazenovia, N. Y.; M. A. F., Phila., Pa.; Rev. Friend, Moultrieville, S. C.; Mrs. M. W., Wilkes Barre, Pa.; M. A. B., Somerville, Mass.; J. F. C., Scranton, Pa.; Rev. Friend, Summit, N. J.; Anon., Chepagnet; Rev. Friend, Susquehanna, Pa.; J. N., Boston, Mass.; E. L., Lynn, Mass.; Sr., Presentation Convent, Fishkill-on-Hudson; Mrs. M. A. W., West End, N. J.; C. McC., Charlestown, Mass.; E. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. C. D., Rochester, N. Y.; E. R., St. Paul, Minn.; Rev. Friend, Elizabeth, Pa.; C. W., Boston, Mass.; Island Heights, N. Y.; Union City, Conn.; C. D., Marblehead, Mich.; Rev. Friend, Harrisburg, Pa.; Mrs. J. B., W. Phila., Pa.; Sr., Providence, R. I.; Rev. Friend, Minneapolis, Minn.; C. F. S., S. Lawrence, Mass.; M. W., Central Falls, R. I.; A. R., N. Y. C.; E. M. W., Quincy, Mass.; E. J. M., W. Somerville, Mass.; C. R. H., Jersey City, N. J.; E. L. R., Branford, Conn.; B. B., Gardiner, Me.; Anon.; J. H. F., Phila., Pa.; K. M. B., Salem, Mass.; Rev. Friend, Eaton, Ohio; M. B. H., Stoughton, Conn.; M. E. Q., Chestnut Hill, Pa.; Mrs. D., Buffalo, N. Y.; J. J. C., Boston, Mass.; Rev. Friend, Meadville, Pa.; Friend, Ansonia, Conn.; M. S. V., Cohasset, Mass.; M. C., Bridgeport, Conn.; C. G. H., Somerville, Mass.; M. L., New Haven, Conn.; G. M., Phila., Pa.; J. D. R., Pelham Heights, N. Y.; M. M. G., Rye Beach, N. H.; B. B., Lexington, Mass.; C. D., Phila., Pa.; Rev. Friend, St. Louis, Mo.; B. R., Lowell, Mass.; M. S., Newton, Mass.; E. V. S., Charlestown, Mass.

From Two to Five Dollars.

Mrs. C. D., Rochester, N. Y.; M. F. H., Phila., Pa.; M. L., Hartford, Conn.; Sacred Heart Convent, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. Friend, Freeport, N. Y.; Sacred Heart Convent, Grosse Pointe; D. P. M., Phila., Pa.; A. M., Richfield, Idaho; Rev. Friend, Pelham, N. Y.; Rev. Friend, De Land, Fla.; Rev. Friend, Chelsea, Mass.; A. C. D., Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. Friend, Cape Charles, Va.; Friend, Penna.; M. C. B., New Haven, Conn.; F. J. O'D., Roxbury, Mass.; Mt. St. V.; Rev. Friend, Cinn., Ohio; Mrs. J. S., Worcester, Mass.; Rev. Friend, St. Paul, Minn.; O. D. A., Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. P. C.

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